

LETTERS TO PYNE

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I have written, and am pouring forth., is something monstrous. I find it a relief, and now that I have nothing else to distract my thoughts, I am resolved to ruin Colburn.

I suppose I shall be in town about the 15th. I am in treaty for Lord Althorp's rooms in the Albany, once Byron's, and now Bulwer's; a curious coincidence of successive scribblers; the spell I suppose growing weaker every degree, and the inspiration less genuine; but I may flare up yet, and surprise you all. I find they won't be dearer than wretched lodgings and infinitely cheaper than the worst hotel; and then I shall be lodged in a way that suits me; gloomy and spacious, with room to stroll and smoke, and able to spout occasionally without being overheard by any damned fellow who steals all your jokes and sublimities.

I am on the whole savagely gay, and sincerely glad that I am freer of encumbrances, in every

A few days later he has heard that the well-known estate of Chequers Court is to be sold and 'we here wish to purchase.' 'I should suppose,' he adds in his usual airy way, 'not under £40,000, perhaps £10,000 more, as there is timber; but at any rate I should like to leave half the purchase money on mortgage, if practicable; if not, we must manage some other way.' 'Be of good cheer,' he concludes, 'the Spring is coming and will bring us all good fortune. I am. "bobbish," as Horace says, or someone else, and my fellow is putting on my spurs preliminary to an inspiring canter'; and then follows a cheerful postscript, 'I enclose the blasted bills.'

To Lady Blessington.

BRADENHAM,

Thursday [Jan.
12, 1837.]

MY DEAR LADY,

We have all here been dying of an epidemic; Tita and myself being the only persons who have escaped. I trust that it has not reached K[ensington] Gr[ore]. All this district are prostrate. I fear for you; D'Orsay I know — immortal

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